HATS! HATS!! HATS!!! HATS!!!!

OH YES! OH YES!

FAME, that blower, when last in town,
Incog. he made the Astor:
He ransacked Broadway up and down—
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For you I'll blow and clatter;
Then raise the flag—put out the sign—
By Jove, you're Heaven's Hatter!"

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VOL. 6. NO. 145.

VANITY FAIR

Saturday, October 4,
1862.

GEORGE LAW:

CONDUCTOR-GENERAL OF HORSE-CARS.

A WAR MEETING,

AN ORIGINAL LETTER BY ARTEMUS WARD, IN THIS NUMBER. A FOURTH LETTER NEXT WEEK.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, AT 110 NASSAU STREET, N.Y.

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IRVING HALL.

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WITHOUT A RIVAL.

ARTEMUS WARD,
MAC ARONE,
ETHAN SPIKE

And the long list of JESTERS and PHILOSOPHERS who have made their mark in VANITY FAIR as GENIAL AMERICAN HUMORISTS, will still continue with us, having been specially engaged for this paper, while its columns will be graced as heretofore with original engravings by our UNAPPROACHABLE ARTISTS.

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A WAR MEETING.

BY ARTEMUS WARD.

Our complaint just now is war meetin's. They've bin havin' 'em bad in varis parts of our cheerful Republic, and nat'rally we caught 'em here in Baldinsville. They broke out all over us. They're better attended than the Eclipse was.

I remember how people poured into our town last Spring to see the Eclipse. They labored into a impression that they couldn't see it to home, and so they came up to our place. I cleared a very handsome amount of money by exhibitin' the Eclipse to 'em, in an open-top tent. But the crowds is bigger now. Posey County is aroused. I may say, indeed, that the pra-hay-ories of Injianny is on fire.

Our big meetin' came off the other night, and our old friend of the *Bugle* was elected Cheerman.

The *Bugle-Horn of Liberty* is one of Baldinsville's most eminentest institootions. The advertisements are well written, and the deaths and marriages are conducted with signal ability. The editor, Mr. Slinkers, is a polish'd, skarcastic writer. Folks in these parts will not soon forgit how he used up the *Eagle of Freedom*, a family journal published at Snootville, near here. The controversy was about a plank road. "The road may be, as our cotemporary says, a humbug; but *our* aunt isn't bald-heded, and *we* haven't got a one-eyed sister Sal! Wonder if the Editor of the *Eagle of Freedom* sees it?" This used up the *Eagle of Freedom* feller, because his aunt's head does present a skin'd appearance, and his sister Sarah is very much one-eyed. For a genteel home thrust, Mr. Slinkers has few ekals. He is a man of great pluck likewise. He has a fierce nostril, and I b'lieve upon my soul, that if it wasn't absolootly necessary for him to remain here and announce in his paper, from week to week, that "our Gov'ment is about to take vig'rous measures to put down the rebellion"—I b'lieve, upon my soul, this illustris man would enlist as a Brigadier Gin'ral, and git his Bounty.

I was fixin' myself up to attend the great war meetin', when my daughter entered with a young man who was evijently from the city, and who wore long hair, and had a wild expression into his eye. In one hand he carried a port-folio, and his other paw clasped a bunch of small brushes. My daughter introduced him as Mr. Sweibier, the distinguished landscape painter from Philadelphy.

"He is a artist, papa. Here is one of his master-pieces—a young mother gazin' admirin'ly upon her first-born," and my daughter showed me a really pretty picter, done in ile. "Is it not beautiful, papa? He throws so much soul into his work."

"Does he? does he?" said I—"well, I reckon I'd better hire him to whitewash our fence. It needs it. What will you charge, sir," I continued, "to throw some soul into my fence?"

My daughter went out of the room in very short meeter, takin' the artist with her, and from the emphatical manner in which the door slam'd, I concluded she was summut disgusted at my remarks. She closed the door, I may say, in *italics*. I went into the closet and larfed all alone by myself for over half an hour. I larfed so vi'lently that the preserve jars rattled like a calvary offisser's sword and things, which it aroused my Betsy, who came and opened the door pretty suddent. She seized me by the few lonely hairs that still linger sadly upon my bare-footed hed, and dragged me out of the closet, incidentally obsarving that she didn't exactly see why she should be compelled, at her advanced stage of life, to open a assylum for sooper-annoated idiots.

My wife is one of the best wimin on this continent, altho' she isn't always as gentle as a lamb, with mint sauce. No, not always.

But to return to the war meetin'. It was largely attended. The Editor of the *Bugle* arose and got up and said the fact could no longer be disguised that we were involved in a war. "Human gore," said he, "is flowin'. All able-bodied men should seize a musket and march to the tented field. I repeat it, sir, to the tented field."

A Voice—"Why don't you go yourself, you old blowhard?"

"I am identified, young man, with a Arkymedian leaver which moves the world," said the Editor, wiping his auburn brow with his left coat-tail: "I allude, young man, to the press. Terms, two dollars a year, invariably in advance. Job printing executed with neatness and dispatch!" And with this brilliant bust of elekance the editor introduced Mr. J. Brutus Hinkins, who is sufferin' from an attack of College in a naberin' place. Mr. Hinkins said Washington was not safe. Who can save our national capeetle?

"Dan. Setchell," I said. "He can do it afternoons. Let him plant his light and airy form onto the Long Bridge, make faces at the hirelin' foe, and they'll skedaddle! Old Setch can do it."

"I call the Napoleon of Showman," said the Editor of the *Bugle*—"I call that Napoleonic man, whose life is adorned with so many noble virtues, and whose giant mind lights up this warlike scene—I call him to order."

I will remark, in this connection, that the editor of the *Bugle* does my job printing.

"You," said Mr. Hinkins, "who live away from the busy haunts of men do not comprehend the magnitood of the crisis. The busy haunts of men is where people comprehend this crisis. We who live in the busy haunts of men live—that is to say, we dwell, as it were, in the busy haunts of men."

"I really trust the gent'l'man will not fail to say suthin' about the busy haunts of men, before he sits down," said I.

"I claim the right to express my sentiments here," said Mr. Hinkins, in a slightly indignant tone, "and I shall brook no interruption, if I am a Softmore."

"You couldn't be *more soft*, my young friend," I observed, whereupon there was cries of "Order! order!"

"I regret I can't mingle in this strife personally," said the young man.

"You might inlist as a liberty-pole," said I, in a silvery whisper.

"But," he added, "I have a voice, and that voice is for war." The young man then closed his speech with some strikin' and original remarks in relation to the star-spangled banner. He was followed by the village minister, a very worthy man indeed, bnt whose sermons have a tendency to make people sleep pretty industriously.

"I am willin' to inlist for one," he said.

"What's you weight, parson?" I asked.

"A hundred and sixty pounds," he said.

"Well, you can inlist as a hundred and sixty pounds of morphine, your dooty bein' to stand in the hospitals arter a battle, and preach while the surgical operations is bein' performed! Think how much you'd save the Gov'ment in morphine."

He didn't seem to see it; but he made a good speech, and the editor of the *Bugle* rose to read the resolutions, commencin' as follers:

Resolved, That we view with anxiety the fact that there is now a war goin' on, and

Resolved, That we believe Stonewall Jackson sympathizes with the secession movement, and that we hope the nine-months men—

At this point he was interrupted by the sounds of silvery footsteps on the stairs, and a party of wimin, carryin' guns and led by Betsy Jane, who brandish'd a loud and rattlin' umbereller, and burst into the room.

"Here," cried I, "are some nine-months' wimin!"

"Mrs. Ward," said the editor of the *Bugle*—"Mrs. Ward, and ladies, what means this extr'ord'n'ry demonstration?"

"It means," said that remarkable female, "that you men air makin' fools of yourselves. You air willin' to talk and urge others to go to the wars, but you don't go to the wars yourselves. War meetin's is very nice in their way, but they don't keep Stonewall

JACKSON from comin' over to Maryland and helpin' himself to the fattest beef critters. What we want is more cider and less talk. We want you able-bodied men to stop speechifying, which don't 'mount to the wiggle of a sick cat's tail, and go to fi'tin'; otherwise you can stay to home and take keer of the children, while we wimmin will go to the wars!"

"Gentl'men," said I, "that's my wife! Go in, old gal!" and I throw'd up my ancient white hat in perfeck rapters.

"Is this roll-book to be filled up with the names of men or wimin'?" she cried.

"With men—with men!" and our quoty was made up that very night.

There is a great deal of gas about these war meetin's. A war meetin', in fact, without gas, would be suthin' like the play of HAMLET with the part of OTHELLO omitted.

Still believin' that the Goddess of Liberty is about as well sot up with as any young lady in distress could expect to be, I am

Yours more'n anybody else's, "A. WARD."

A VOICE IN THE NIGHT.

IA Harrisburgh, one of the well-educated scouts connected with our establishment, (we maintain a brigade of scouts,) has forwarded to us the following *morceau* obtained by him on a little private raid across the Potomac. During a reconnoissance in force made by him and his little dog "Spot," he penetrated into Stonewall JACKSON'S camp, the night after that doughty chieftain had evacuated Maryland — a gray, solemn night, inefficiently lighted by TUTTLE'S Comet. A Virginia nightingale had just finished its lugubrious ditty, when the strain was taken up by a well-known voice. It was the sonorous voice of Stonewall JACK, slightly marred by a severe cold caught by him in fording the cold drink that lies between Maryland and Virginia—a fact which accounts for the rather smothered pronunciation of the words "My Maryland," as he trolled to his dulcet banjo the following version of a song once popular in Dixie:

BY BARYLAD.

BY STONEWALL JACKSON.

The flesh-pots loomed upon thy shore,
Barylad! By Barylad!
We sought thy teeming barn-floor,
Barylad! By Barylad!
We hoped to raise in Baltimore
Of beef and boots and clothes a store
To rig anew our ragged corps,
Barylad! By Barylad!

For weeks we'd hardly had a meal,
Barylad! By Barylad!
Not even a taste of Common Weal,
Barylad! By Barylad!
And did you rush to our appeal
With beef and boots?—not by a deal,
For all we got we had to steal,
Barylad! By Barylad!

You left us outside in the cold,
Barylad! By Barylad!
To wallow in the dirty mould,
Barylad! By Barylad!
With nary blanket to enfold
Our corpusses like mummies rolled
In rags repulsive, rancid, old,
Barylad! By Barylad!

You've chilled our friendship to the core,
Barylad! By Barylad!
In you we'll put our trust no more,
Barylad! By Barylad!
Bother your "patriotic gore!"
It didn't rise when to your shore
Starvation's goad impelled us o'er
Barylad! By Barylad!

I reckon you're a precious hum,
Barylad! By Barylad!
You'd sworn to fife to our drum,
Barylad! By Barylad!
O were you dead, or deaf, or dumb?
You treated us like Northern scum,
You wouldn't, couldn't, didn't come,
Barylad! By Barylad!

Here the singer suddenly broke off, interrupted by a violent fit of sneezing, after recovering from which he was heard praying for some time. But the muse of lamentation was still influential over him, and he presently again struck his light banjo to a kind of personal-confession song beginning—

"By dabe it is Stodewall JACKSOD,
A biserable sidder be I"—

of which, owing to want of space, we can only furnish our readers with this short sample.

900,000.

YESTERDAY, General GREELEY ordered his Field Marshal's uniform from the establishment of Messrs. SHODDY and GRABB, military tailors. The buttons are to be 900,000 in number, corresponding with the number of General GREELEY'S army.

General GREELEY paid a visit, on Wednesday last, to the shoe-store of Messrs. FINDINGS and VAMP. While there, the gallant General incidentally ordered 900,000 pair of patent-leather dress-boots, which he has taken a vow—on affidavit, with two sureties in $900,000 each—to wear all at once the day upon which he musters his 900,000 recruits in Duane Park.

General GREELEY has ordered DELMONICO to prepare a banquet for 900,000 guests—all gentlemen of this city—who have been invited by the General to meet him at a little quiet dinner on the day already alluded to.

On the day following the banquet at DELMONICO'S, another will be given by General GREELEY, at his private up-town residence, to 900,000 Negro gentleman resident in this city, in honor of the liberation of their Southern connections from the manacle and scourge.

General GREELEY has ordered 900,000 black roses from an eminent florist of Communipaw, N. J. The General intends to sport them, on festive occasions, in his 900,000 button-holes.

On Friday last, General GREELEY underwent an extremely painful dental operation, being the extraction of no fewer than 900,000 back teeth—all tremendous rooters, with fangs two inches long. The General has been complaining of a slight inability to masticate ever since.

Next week, General GREELEY, who is determined to go into a little gentle training for his approaching campaigns, is to commence his great match of walking 900,000 miles in 900,000 hours. The General, like Mr. BONNER, of the *Ledger*, does not run himself for money on a public course, but has made up a few little private wagers on the event, amounting to $900,000, among his personal friends.

General GREELEY has just purchosed a new town-house—a stunning brown-stone-front structure, with a bath-room and other novel appurtenances. Number and locality, 900,000 Fifth Avenue.

With his accustomed liberality where struggling literary men are the objects, General GREELEY has presented a purse of $900,000 to the author of the following song:

900,000 black-birds baked in a pie,
Wasn't that a dainty dish to set before GREE-LY.

900,000 beggars—all resident of New-York—are now fed daily with the crumbs that fall from General GREELEY'S table.

Here is a very characteristic, as well as pleasant anecdote of General GREELEY:

The General, on being asked at a private dinner-party, lately, to name his lucky number, said, at once, 900,000. This largeness of margin is indicative of the mighty mind.

We have 900,000 equally interesting items in our possession regarding General GREELEY, which we shall present in due time to our 900,000 readers.

DANGERS OF THE PARK.

Corporal Casey, (*addressing Swell.*)—"COME IN, YOUNG MAN, OUT OF THE DRAFT! HERE'S YER LAST CHANCE, A HUNDERD AN' FIFTY DOLLERDS AN' CLOTHES!"

Conscript Cotton.

"COTTON is going to be drafted, I see," remarked VALENTINE, languidly, as he dallied with the last "English Items."

"Drafted!" exclaimed ORSON, "Cotton drafted?"

"Yes," replied VALENTINE, "they are trying to find a Substitute for it in England."

Downy.

AN enthusiastic correspondent of the agricultural department of a country paper cries, "Down with the Canada Thistle!"

When the enthusiastic correspondent comes across a thistle that hasn't "Down" with it, we hope he won't forget to send us a few of the plants. It's the "Down with it" that makes the thistle spread so diabolically.

Autumnal Tints.

A "MINOR poet" characterizes one of our most familiar trees as the "modest maple."

We hardly see the application of the adjective; unless, indeed, the autumnal reddening of the maple may be ascribed to the embarrassment caused by the reflection that it will soon have to strip.

A Seasonable Comparison.

IN one respect, the draft for soldiers may be compared to a draft of the seine—none but the Sane are amenable to it. It differs from a draft of the seine in this respect, however; that while the small fish slip through the meshes of the latter, and so escape, the big fish, only, slip through our net, leaving nothing but their gold and silver scales (paid for substitutes) to mark their passage.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

"JEFFERSON DAVIS is a great man. His quarrel is a better and a fairer one than that of WASHINGTON."—*London Morning Herald.*

"Accustomed as we are to the constant boasting of the North, which grows louder and louder in proportion as its prospects grow darker and darker, we read with much pleasure the measured and statesmanlike language in which the Southern President pays a well-earned tribute to the gallantry and good conduct of the troops, deplores the desolating war, and expresses his confidence of a final triumph in the struggle against despotic usurpation."—*London Times.*

But a few years ago this same JEFFERSON DAVIS,
Now held up as the Land of the West's *rara avis*,
Was denounced as an ill bird, his own nest befouling,
By these lick-spittle sheets that his praises are howling.
In those days, by a clever executive quip, he
Disavowed the just debts of his State—Mississippi—
And from all the good things by true Christians respected,
With St. PAUL held that "*bonds*" might be justly excepted.

Ah! then down on him came both the *Times* and the *Herald*,
How his rogue's back was scored, how his knuckles were feruled.
He was swindler, and shuffler, and knave democratic,
And a dozen of other names equally Attic;
Yea, the whole British press, playing "Follow-my-leader,"
Damned in chorus the yet undeveloped Seceder.

Then was Slavery lugged in, and each London diurnal
Swore that robbery was twin to that system infernal;
While the Exeter Hall folk, unable to smother
Their inordinate love for "a man and a brother,"
The South unto Sodom compared, and the sulphur
Professed they could smell, that would surely engulf her,
Yelled the Press, yelled the Church, yelled one half of the nation,
And the cause was JEFF DAVIS and REPUDIATION.

Once again, as of yore, in a furious chorus,
Do the bellowings resound of the calves of old Taurus;
But alas! all the ire of these creatures is kindled
'Gainst the foes of the man by whose arts they were swindled;
And the "bonds" and the "bondmen" alike are forgotten
As they shout for the Lord of the Limbo of Cotton;
All which proves British sympathy—out on the gammon—
Is a dog-vane swung round by the breathings of Mammon!

A NICE LITTLE MARKET CARTE.

IN a report of the last annual meeting of the London Vegetarian Society, we find the following remarkable statement:

"A DR. TRAILL, of New-York, said that he could make a very good living off the offal of Covent Garden."

We have not the pleasure of being acquainted with "Dr. TRAILL, of New-York." We wouldn't, on any account, have our name inscribed upon the roll of friends claimed by "Dr. TRAILL, of New-York." Just think, for a moment, of the possibility of being invited to take pot-luck with "Dr. TRAILL, of New-York," upon that distinguished vegetarian's return to New-York! The offals of Washington Market would, of course, form the staple of the repast, and the *carte* would probably contain some such items as the following:

Cucumbers with Kennel sauce. Cabbage-leaves *au naturel*. *Champignons aux choux*—which the waiter would probably aggravate by calling mushrooms and old shoes. Cornstalks and ashes. *Navets au chiffonier*—with the mark of the rag-picker's hook in each turnip, to authenticate it. Pea-shells *en papillote*. Pumpkin *au* garbage-box—and other delicacies of the market purlieus too numerous to catalogue.

We are liberal in our principles, and think that a man who wants to go to grass ought to be allowed to go to grass—but, really, now, when it comes to browsing upon the offals of the public market, we "don't see it," Dr. TRAILL.

What the Ironsides Regiment will Discover.

ALL is not Go(u)ld that glitters.

OUR BIOLOGO-MEDICO-PHRENOLOGY.

VANITY FAIR.—"*My dear Miss Union, your symptoms are very alarming. Naturally of a sanguine-nervous temperament, irritation has rendered you bilious, while the phlebotomy to which you have been recklessly subjected is rapidly reducing you to a lymphatic state. The condition of your mind justifies me in saying that you must abandon homœopathic practice and give up milk-and-water diet. Plenty of Iron, with no end of Draughts, is what you require. Your fortitude, your patience, under bad treatment, has indeed been beyond praise; but, unless your physicians pay more regard to your Constitution, I cannot be answerable for your life. You should insist upon knowing what their prescriptions mean before you pay their bills: Then with action, vigorous action, your health will be speedily restored.*"

To the Point.

"THE sudden prospect of an invasion of the loyal States," says a religious paper, "has made clear to every one the importance of drilling the entire nation."

Clearly; for if we don't drill ourselves in one way, the rebellious persons may drill us in another.

Forecast.

THERE is an institution at Worcester, Massachusetts, called "The Ladies' Emergency Committee," which, says a rural editor, "is supposed to have something to do with furnishing recruits." Let us hope, O Gentle Dames! that Civil War will not be one of our legacies to posterity. Meantime, recruit, by all means. "Peace hath her victories, no less renowned than war."

A Worthy Aspiration.

"O LET us not be fools!" exclaims an Abolitionist newspaper at Boston. The aspiration is wise and timely. But, can the leopard change his spots, or the Abolitionist his nature? Not without a miracle, we fancy. Still, the experiment is worth trying, and we hope the Abolitionist brother may be successful.

The Rebel Game.

WE have heard a good deal, of late, about the "Rebel game in Maryland."

From all recent reports, we should suppose that the game referred to is Quail.

Spiritual.

IT is a fact not generally known, that the spirits who communicate their valuable sentiments from the other world to this, by means of rapping, invariably strike work if the "medium" uses any other material than wrapping-paper for the record.

With "A" Difference.

THE Market Gardener, in one respect, is like the Policeman; he has his regular Beets.

Successor Wanted.

IF tenacity is the great condition of success, surely the sticky postage-stamp currency ought to be a most successful stroke of finance. That doesn't prevent us from wishing to see it's successor, though.

Severe, but Just.

HOLE-IN-THE-DAY, the sanguinary Chief of the Chippewas, pretends to be very penitent for the late outrages to which his tribe were rather suspected of being parties. According to the custom of the Red Men, he has dressed his greasy hair with wood-ashes, left off wearing all-round collars, and buried his tooth-brush in the wide prairie. His lamentations are loud, if not sincere; and he is terribly cut up by the decision of the Government that he must either be hanged or change his name to HOWL-IN-THE-NIGHT.

Wanted.

A FEW more streets, lanes, and alleys in the City of New-York to admit of the speedy passage of the Nine Hundred Thousand new recruits now being forwarded (over the left) by Messrs. GREELEY, BRYANT, ANDREW & Co.

A Feature of the Day we live in.

AMONG other accomplishments set forth by a laundress in her advertisement for a place, she says that she has an excellent method of washing and making up soiled postage-stamps. This is a blessing, indeed.

The "Occupation of Frederick."

HUGGING and kissing MARY LAND, who is overjoyed to see him safe out of the rebel clutches.

An Autumnal Thought.

WHAT good works does the wind that whistles through yon yellowing orchard remind you of?

Shakes pears.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH THEM?

A. L.—"DARN THESE HERE BLACKBIRDS!—IF NOBODY WON'T BUY 'EM I'LL HAVE TO OPEN THE CAGES AND LET 'EM FLY!"

A CHEERFUL VIEW OF THINGS.

Critical Youth.—"YER TROUSERS LOOKS LIVELY AND EASY TO WEAR, AND YER PROGRAMME READS WELL—WHAT'S YER BOUNTY?"

A Sonorous Misapprehension.

A SCOTCHMAN who has learned from the *Tribune* that the Barns of the Shakers are Model Barns, writes to know how the Shakers, who never marry, come to have Bairns at all?

"It is Better to Laugh than be Sighing."

OUR epistolary friend, GERRIT SMITH, has written a long letter, in which he says: "Do not let the people Cry against their leaders." Well, we think it is better and more wholesome to Laugh at them. We discovered the principle before GERRIT did.

Our Cynic on Sin.

MR. JOHN A. MACHADO, of this city, is said to have engaged in the Slave-Trade. Subsequently, he married. But having learned that Marshal MURRAY has arrested him in the very bridal chamber, our DIOGENES, who believes bridal chambers to be mere barracoons, observed that he thought MACHADO had expiated the crime of reducing others to Slavery, by entering into the Slavery of Matrimony himself. The hideous remark was duly reprehended.

Auricular.

AT Sharpsburgh one of the enemy's Cornfields was three times taken; from which it may be inferred that we had them By The Ears.

"Whom the Cap Fits," etc.

"A MILITARY Surgeon" writes to us, saying that ambulances are of but little use in an army where there is so much Litter about the camps.

What can the Military Sawbones mean?

SONNET TO MAJOR AUGUSTUS ——.

BY A MIDDLE-AGED YOUNG LADY.

WHEN I behold thy cap beplumed with gilt,
And gaze upon those shoulder-straps so gay—
Those buttons glittering in gold array—
That scarlet sash, and very handsome hilt—
That dark moustache which CHRISTADORO swears
The finest crop his genius ever raised—
That eagle eye by lovely ladies praised,
That noble gait, those regimental airs!
'Tis then I feel the Constitution strong,
By one so charming guarded and sustained!
'Tis then I feel the Rebels in the wrong;
Had they behaved themselves, you had remained
Near ARABELLA, who to fate must bend,
And knows your country needs you, noble friend!

NOTE.—Col. CAYENNE, of AUGUSTUS's regiment, who is now in this city, and who is an exceedingly choleric person, upon reading the above, exclaimed: "Confound him! He was the very first to skedaddle!" Such is the power of the Poetic Muse!

Shakespearian.

WE do not think that the commentators of SHAKESPEARE are very sharp about things in general. None of them that we know of—not Mr. RICHARD GRANT WHITE, certainly—has noticed a passage in "Hamlet" from which it may be inferred that HORATIO was a regular advertising "medium," who lived exclusively upon geese, like the regular advertising "mediums" of our own day.

The passage to which we refer is the following remark addressed by HAMLET to HORATIO:

"Thou—that no revenue hast but thy good spirits—to feed and clothe thee."

We should like to hear what the commentators have got to say to *that*.

A Singular Parallel.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Daily Times*, writing from Buenos Ayres, furnishes the following paragraph:

"To-day's packet conveys to Europe as Consul General, Señor Don HECTOR F. VARELA. For years he has been a most violent partisan leader and chief editor of a most inflammatory daily paper called *La Tribuna*. Many of the fierce contests of this country may be traced to the writers of the *Tribuna*, of which he was chief. It is a stroke of policy to send him abroad."

From the above we gather that HECTER F. VARELA is Spanish for HORACE GREELEY, concerning which remarkable chief of our New-York *Tribuna*, it may well be said that it would be "a stroke of policy to send him abroad." Of him it may also, indeed, be stated, and of his journal, that "for years he has been a most violent partisan leader and chief editor of a most inflammatory daily paper called *The Tribune*. Many of the fierce contests of this country may be traced to the writers of *The Tribune*, of which he was chief."

Thus, it will be seen that the parallel between the two Hs and two Ts is complete: but we are disappointed in Buenos Ayres, which doesn't seem to be such a nice place to live in as we used to think.

A Pennsylvania Reception.

REPUBLICS are ungrateful. The Harrisburgh correspondent of the *New-York Herald* says:

"The chivalric sons of Pennsylvania who responded to the call of Governor CURTIN for the defence of the State from Rebel invasion, were received on their return with a salute of one hundred duns."

One would have thought that instead of being dunned for debts, they would have obtained infinite credit. We regret to state the "duns" were set on by a printer. Of course he went to the d—.

A Question for the War Department.

DID the Rebels find their way to Maryland Heights by means of a FORD?

THE TOWN SHOWS.

RANG me, Mr. Printer, if, with my abundance of material, I know this week where to begin. I am something like the man who on being called upon, after a sumptuous dinner, to give a toast, said he was "too full for utterance." More subjects crowd upon me than ever besieged a Monarch. To satisfy the claims of half of them would exhaust my treasury and compel me to seek a new base of supplies. After all, sir, it requires about as much strategy to manœuvre one of these little columns as to direct the movements of an army; and, if I get safely through my present operations, I shall feel as proud as if there were two RICHMONDS in the field, and I had taken both of them; or as if I were NIXON instead of PYPS, and had just taken the ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

And by the way, Mr. Printer, if I could describe to you, with military precision, the various sieges of the ACADEMY, and the brilliant strategy by which it was at last forced to capitulate, you would be as much moved as if I were recounting some of the sieges of Harper's Ferry. But I have only time to say—and you must excuse the brevity as well as the originality of the statement—that NIXON went and saw and conquered, and that since he has been and done it and *gone*, (I am sorry to have to reverse the old phrase,) he is just the happiest invader this side the Rapidan. He panted (literally) for Academic honors, and is as happy at having won and worn them as if they had lasted a "thousand and one nights" instead of seven, and he had been a natural-born ARAB. That he will wear them again, I believe as firmly as I believe in HAROUN ALRASCHID or SARTOR RESARTUS.

Why it was that he evacuated the Academy after so brief an occupation and allowed it to fall into the hands of MARETZEK and GRAU, (who are now in possession awaiting the *rentrée* of ULLMAN,) is a chapter in musical history which, being a neutral, and recognizing all the parties as in the highest degree belligerent, I prefer, for personal and precautionary reasons, not to write until I have finished my "Supplementary History of the Twelve Tribes," in which, by the by, you will find, among other things, a fuller account of operatic lyrics, lyrists, and lyres than has yet appeared.

Meanwhile, Mr. Printer, laying aside all vain metaphors, and acting on the convenient principle of

"Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest,"

allow me to extend a hand of greeting to the valiant MARETZEK and the elegant GRAU, and, while waving a graceful adieu to the ambitious NIXON, to express the hope that he will find in Miss PATTI his long-sought-for POTOSI, and in the Opera his long-sought-for destiny.

I cannot tell what chance there is of my hope being fulfilled, since it depends not so much on musical as mechanical science, and this has not yet had a fair trial. If it succeeds, however, and Miss PATTI is enabled to act as well as she sings, then all doubts are at an end, and Mr. NIXON'S fortune and destiny may be looked upon as established. As for the young lady, her fortune is made secure, at any rate, by the magnificent offers she has received from GYE and others in England to sing at Concerts; but whether or not her destiny is to remain on the boards of the opera depends, as I have intimated, simply upon the cure of her lameness. All that she has gained at present by her operatic *début* is the renewed verdict of the public as to those charming qualities both of voice and person that have made her during the last two seasons New-York's favorite songstress.

You are aware, of course, that she chose for her first part that of *Amina* in "La Sonnambula;" I mention it now only for the sake of adding that the part of *Lisa* was also entrusted to a débutante—Miss STOCKTON—who rendered it with a clearness and precision, so far as the vocalization was concerned, which gave promise of rare excellence, and won the sympatnies of the audience from the start. With a more masculine tenor in the place of SBRIGLIA, and a less masculine set of chorus girls, the opera would have gone off quite brilliantly. The orchestra led MUZIO with great firmness.

A word or two more, now, about "coming guests," both musical and dramatic.

ULLMAN has just arrived, and is heralded as the "THANE of CORDIER." RISTORI, who was to have come over with him, has decided not to come till the Dutch have taken Richmond. This makes it good for WHEATLEY, since he can now keep FORREST and HACKETT—who have turned NIBLO'S into a Mint—for a month or two longer. Whether ULLMAN will "make opera," as the foreign *impresarii* have it, with MARETZEK and GRAU—or fuse with NIXON—or go it alone—has not been announced. You must ask PALMER. Neither is it announced officially whether or not TITIENS is to come over. The general impression seems to be that she is, and will be here in time to open at the Academy on the 15th of next month. Such, at least, said ULLMAN'S last bulletin. But then ULLMAN is a Little Joker.

MARETZEK'S singers I gave you a correct list of last week. Some of them are now in town. His company has the advantage of being just caught and entirely fresh, and will therefore have a *succès de curiosité*, if nothing more. They only stay here a week or so, and will then be shipped to Havana—Senor MARTI being the consignee and Signor MARETZEK the supercargo. A precious freight, preciously conducted. GRAU will stay behind, to look after NIXON and ULLMAN.

GOTTSCHALK has come to town, and is to give a series of piano-concerts at Irving Hall, which has been re-decorated at an expense of I-forget-how-many thousand dollars, and is now the prettiest music hall out. It was dedicated the other evening by Mr. THEODORE THOMAS, who gave a Classical Concert there, which was so splendid that Mrs. PYPS (I wasn't able to go myself) said it seemed as if the beautiful frescoes themselves were set to music—which is saying a pretty nice thing for the music or the frescoes, I don't know which. As for GOTTSCHALK, he will make you forget hall, frescoes, curtains, everything—even to HARRISON himself, who will be as gorgeous on the occasion as NIXON when he assumed the Academic sceptre.

Last, but a long way from least, among the new comers is EDWIN BOOTH, who boldly commences by giving us a chance to compare his *Hamlet* with FORREST'S. The only wonder to me is how any tragedian that ever lived (except, perhaps, FECHTER) could undertake that play without first expunging *Hamlet's* advice to the players. But they all recite it with an intrepidity which, under the circumstances, is all but sublime. It's like hearing an army-contractor recite the Ten Commandments. Good Heaven! Mr. Printer, what would happen if *I* should give such advice to the players? Why, Mrs. PYPS would be a widow before you had sold your first edition. But let us not think of such things.

JOHN GILPIN, too—I beg pardon, JOHN GILBERT—has come to town, and is playing Sir PETER TEAZLE and other "fine old English gentlemen" at WALLACK'S, and renewing his successes of twenty years agone at the Tremont in Boston. He hardly fills the immense gap made by the absence of BLAKE; still he and MARK SMITH together almost do, though I hear the wind sighing through it after all. Perhaps because I sit so near the stage.

Do you remember Mr. and Mrs. W. H. SMITH, also of Boston, and both rather famous actors in their day? Well, neither of *them* is here now—and the lady, alas! never will be again—but their daughter, Mrs. SEDLEY BROWN, is, and if you want to see the best *soubrette* on the American stage, (except, possibly, Miss MARY GANNON,) go and see her. If you don't like her, I'll give you a ticket to—go again.

You will also find CHARLES WALCOT, Jr. at the same house, and will wonder, in this case as in the other, and in so many others, how it happens that dramatic talent should be handed down, from parent to child, like family plate.

But here I am, Mr. Printer, almost at the end of my copy, and so far from exhausting my budget, have hardly opened it.

Oh that President LINCOLN, while he is about it, would abolish time and space!

However, I have nothing very grave to say, and if I had, this wouldn't be the place to say it.

The theatres are all under full headway, with the exception of Miss KEENE'S, and are doing a good business.

Miss BATEMAN and her gallant aides, Mr.

WALLACK and Mr. ADAMS, have finished their brilliant engagement at the Winter Garden and gone to Philadelphia. They have had five weeks of uninterrupted success, the impetus of which must carry them spinning through the season. Mr. BOOTH, the present star of the house, will be succeeded—on the "from grave to gay" policy—by Mr. and Mrs. BARNEY WILLIAMS.

Messrs. HACKETT and FORREST, cleverly supported by Mr. WHEATLEY, Mr. MCCULLOUGH, Mr. SHEWELL, Mrs. GLADSTANE, ("the prettiest woman on the stage," according to the Philadelphic oracles,) Miss MARY WELLS, and others, draw immense audiences at NIBLO'S, where, as cannot be too emphatically stated, every play is most carefully put upon the stage, while the general management of the house—and especially the business of the box-office, under the direction of Mr. WHITTON—is admirable almost beyond precedent. The theatre itself is probably the handsomest in the world.

WALLACK continues to play his Old Comedies, and to bring them out—a fresh one nearly every night—with a degree of elegance and taste surpassing even his best efforts of last season. The result, of course, is full houses. Mrs. VERNON, Mrs. HOEY, Miss MORANT, Miss MARY GANNON, Mrs. HENRIQUES, Mr. LESTER WALLACK, Mr. CHARLES FISHER, Mr. GEO. HOLLAND, Mr. JOHN GILBERT, Mr. MARK SMITH, Mr. REYNOLDS, and Mr. NORTON are the leading members of the company, which, for comedy, is by far the best in the country.

Miss KEENE is gradually developing her strength, and in course of the week will be out in full force. She, too, is trying her hand at the Old Comedies, in which her own acting and that of Mr. BLAKE can hardly be surpassed, while that of Miss CLIFTON, Mr. RAYMOND, and Mr. PETERS is far above the average. But I incline to think that the star of the company, after Mr. BLAKE and Lady LAURA herself, will be Mrs. SEDLEY BROWN, whom, however, I have seen but in one piece, and that at the Winter Garden.

The Cremorne Garden has added Miss MARIA BRAINERD and Mr. J. R. THOMAS, two very pleasing singers, to its concert troupe, and announces for its new dramatic sensation the romantic drama of "The Wizard Skiff," in which both Mr. DENIER and Senorita CUBAS will put in their appearance. Add to these attractions the equestrian performances (N. B.—we don't say "circus" any more) and the promenade entertainment, and you have a show which, for two shillings, is certainly rather marvellous.

The New and Old Boweries are doing the usual style of thing to crowded houses, and there is a great sensation just now at the former, caused by the marriage, on Wednesday, October 24th, of ADAH ISAACS MENKEN, the star of the establishment, to Mr. R. H. NEWELL, alias "ORPHEUS C. KERR," of the *Sunday Mercury*.

Now, Mr. Printer, I *am* "too full for utterance," and must hasten to sign myself,

Yours in considerable agitation, Pps.

P. S.—I have just learned that MARETZEK and GRAU, finding that they couldn't sustain themselves at the Academy, have sounded a retreat, and that the place is now in the hands of NIXON again. MARETZEK has already shipped his forces to Havana, and GRAU thinks of doing something in the guerrilla line. P.

LICENSED TO SMASH AND MASH.

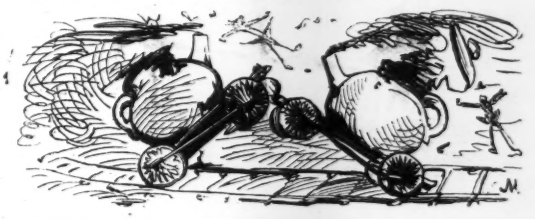
IT is one of the sweet advantages of dwelling in a very free country, like this, that each and every inhabitant thereof is entitled to a great variety of licenses. To enumerate them might be tedious; and we will therefore content ourselves with remarking that the license of indiscriminate accidental murder is one of them.

The promiscuous privilege of gunpowder has, perhaps, assisted in fostering the national taste for "frightful catastrophes." The continual influence of steam is making itself similarly conspicuous in the character of the people. We revere the Fourth of July as much as one can be expected to revere anything in these irreverent times, but we *must* say that the sulphureous fume of the squib sacred to that great anniversary has imparted itself more than slightly to the flavor of the nation.

There is a large looseness with respect to human life among us, which nothing but early familiarity with gunpowder and steam could engender. When that splendid exhibition of fireworks was given at the Pittsburgh Arsenal the other day—an exhibition got up regardless of cost at an expense of between seventy and eighty human lives—a meddling officer called a Coroner took a fancy to enquire how the thing was done. Nothing can be simpler than the way such things are done, when you know it. Carting powder about in a wagon on fire was one of the methods discovered by the Coroner as quite the thing at Pittsburgh Arsenal, while it was equally *en règle* to sweep out loose powder from the "laboratory," so as to form trains from the grand magazine to the flinty pavement from which the horses in the yard continually struck fire with their shoes. To assist the probability of conflagration, a large and spontaneously-combustible haystack had judiciously been erected close by the magazine.

The results are described to have been "startling."

In the boiler-bursting branch of city amusements a great many licenses appear to be annually taken out. When the great boiler of SEWER'S Singing-machine factory burst, a short time since, a good many interesting developments leaked out between the cracks. Some proprietors of boilers appear to prefer defective material for the construction of their bursters. It is cheaper than good stuff; it lasts a reasonable time, and it never gives way to one of its bursts in the presence of the proprietor, reserving its wrath for the unfortunate workmen, upon whose heads it is poured forth hot and hissing. We don't see why a proprietor should go to the expense of sound boilers when he can get cracked ones for half price. It would be an infringement upon his license to smash and mash to insist upon his doing so. The war horrors are transacted at too great a distance from our doors to act beneficially upon our spirits, which must be kept up to a proper state of tension by frequent imbibition of railroad smashes, and such other stimulating bitters as boiler-burstings and catastrophes at gunpowder-magazines. Let the locomotives clash, then; let the flues collapse, the boilers burst, and the magazines hoist their magaziners on high! *Vogue la galère!*



SOLE STIRRING WORDS.

RICHARD of York, more properly Brigadier-General RICHARD BUSTEED of New-York, "lets himself out" as a fine writer—a thing he never did as a politician, (oh! no, of course not!) in the following burst of eloquence, addressed to G. B. A. L. GREELEY, or, to put it more euphoniously, GOD-BLESS-ABRAHAM-LINCOLN GREELEY, Esquire:

"The footfalls of advancing Freedom throw their forward echoes upon the gladdened ears of liberty-loving men, and soon the imprints of her mighty tread will be discernible over and upon the prostrate and mortal remains of the haughty but doomed slave power."

Shade of ROGER SHERMAN, the illustrious shoemaker! what a sole for Freedom has this our newly-made brigadier. And he blesses the *Tribune*, too; blessings being cheap, and he having the run of the market. He's a wonderful man, an amazing wonderful man is this our RICHARD. We have heard him when very earnest in matters of law, but when he goes in for religion he's a perfect stunner. If you want consistency, look at *him*. Young Christian at the bar, go thou and do likewise! Open a subscription for a statue of RICHARD, and let it be cast in bronze, and placed in the City Hall, perpendicularly under the figure of Justice on the Cupola. Or if the money can't be raised for a full-length, let us at least have a bust of BUSTEED.

Musical.

A CORRESPONDENT asks whether we can give him a recipe for Concert Pitch.

Yes, we can. Here it is:—

3 Resin.
4 Resin.
Several others resin.
Mix.

A Man of Parts.

IT is in vain for Governors to assemble at Altoona or elsewhere, and seek to force the Government to suffer General FREMONT to take any part in its administration. We understand Mr. LINCOLN has determined to confine him to the only part in which he has been consistent; a part in which he can always present himself to his partisans, namely, the part in his hair.

Parturiunt Montes.

THE result of the meeting of the Governors in the mountains of Pennsylvania.